

Creative Inventions

by iSituational

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Summary: Stoick and Gobber are doing their usual dawn routine, only to discover Hiccup's missing, when they finally find him they walk in on him testing on some...Interesting concepts. In case you did not physically process that for some reason this is obviously M for very strong sexual themes! Planned Two-shot! (Set around DoB)

1. Chapter 1

This is Sickie here, one of the two people who run this account, for each of our stories we will have our signatures at the end, our fandoms are mostly the same, expect anything here.

Rated M for ehm, walking in on awkward moments, as we all know we need more of these. Ah this may not be very accurate, but historical culture isn't my strong point! Enjoy all the same! I may not be the best writer (I'll blame that on my age, I'm 13) but I enjoy doing this every now and then!

Sickie

* * *

><p>Hiccup always had a thing for inventing, what his puny frame and limp muscles lacked in comparison to the vikings, his intelligence dominated all on the island. This was one feature of himself he was proud of, he was witty and cunning, he could outsmart almost any viking, whether friend or foe. His undiscovered talent was later found after his father, Stoick the Vast, chief of the tribe, had assigned the scrawny toddler to be apprenticed to the meathead that was Gobber. Gobber was skilled and wise at his job, but Hiccup had a natural talent that made up for his lack of experience welding and smelting, he could memorize every combination, every word on blueprints, though this was ignored if not, looked down upon.<p>

Hiccups talents never seemed to be appreciated.

If you were to compare Hiccup with his father and did not know who either were you would have scoffed at the idea of them being related. But they were so, Stoick was a strong, muscled and hairy man, his sheer size dominated all and his posture was one of pure command and proud leadership, Hiccups gangly frame was ridiculous compared to him, his hand could cover his whole head if he had wanted to, more than a few times he'd had to pick Hiccup up to stop him running around and getting injured and killed, not that this was a challenge for the massive man, he merely picked up his son with two fingers if he wanted to.

He never seemed to notice nor appreciate Hiccups talents, not until that faithful day when his son, Hiccup the 'Worst viking Berk has ever seen' shot down the infamous Night Fury and befriended it, of course the village didn't take the idea very well, but one battle later (as well as minus one leg) the Berkians did something they never thought they would do, they opened their minds to an idea.

Gobber was used to the creative inventions Hiccup made, he remembered first walking into Hiccups private room, he was about thirteen years old, and sketching what looked like wings on a figurine. ''Someday I wish I could fly, huh Gobber?'' said the boy dreamily. ''Perhaps one day'' the handicapped man chuckled.

Hiccup had proven himself time and time again of his raw creative intelligence, Gobber often wondered how far he would go.

He would have never prepared himself for what would come next.

* * *

><p>Life on berk was relatively normal, you wake up, the sun is shining and terrible terrors are singing on the rooftops, for Stoick this has become a regular thing, the dragons were integrating more and more with the village each day, each problem was being solved one by one and things were going perfect in the chiefs eyes, a rare moment considering it was the chiefs job to worry. The large viking heaves himself out of bed and stretches, calling Hiccups name like routine. He plans to give a talk to the boy, it's high time he did, he looks outside to hear the beginning chirps of early morning birds, the sun just beginning to be tainted with purple.<p>

Of course being the chief, Stoick does not wake up when the sun is shining, he wakes up just before dawn to survey the village, it was a daily routine he'd grown accustomed to. When Hiccup didn't respond he shrugged, assuming he'd gone out with that Night Fury of his, the thought of his sons dragon made him think of Thornado. ''High time I get a dragon myself'' he mutters under his breath. He takes out some bread and taps it with his fist lightly, not stale, good. He broke some pieces off and chewed thoughtfully. '_He should be back by now'_thought the chieftain.

Just then a knock at the door rang through the cold morning house, jolting Stoick fully awake, before he could even move forward the door flies open as a wooden fist pushes on it, the chief relaxes as he meets the familiar face of his old companion Gobber.

'Ey, ye'r up a bit earlier than usual aren't ye?' the blonde man asked. Gobbers voice was among the thickest on the Island, it was amaznig so many could understand him, let alone Hiccup..

'Aye, I didn't realize the time, I guess that's why Hiccup didn't get out of bed, it's a bit early yet. Well! You can never be too early for a patrol!' Stoick yawned.

'Mhm, I was feelin' the early bird this mornin' too, guess that's why Im her'e so early too! Well I'm already awake, migh'ts well take a look around, sort things out.'

Stoick rubbed his face with his hands, loosening the wrinkles around his aged face in an attempt to wake him up and focus more on his surroundings, to shake that groggy morning feel off him. 'Hiccup! Get down here!' Stoick bellowed. When there was no response he turned back to Gobber.

'Did you see him this morning Gobber? He's normally not up this early, besides...I have to talk to him.'

'Ah, he was in the forge last time I saw him! He didn' like me walkin' in on him working on his new projects, t'was strange alright.' Gobber replied.

'Wait, was he there all night?' Stoick's head shot up in surprise, Gobber only replied with a neutral nod.

'Aye we better go get him and wake him up, he'll be cranky that's for sure! I'll be slappin' some sense into the lad for stayin' up so late-' his rant was interrupted by a warbling above him, the blonde man turned to see the crooning face of Toothless looking above him, giving his famous gummy smile.

'Toothless is here?' Stoick asked. 'Do you think Hiccup sent him home? Why would he send him home?'

'How should I know! Do I look' like som' stubborn headed viking teenager te you?' Gobber retorted.

Despite Gobbers good intentions at being humorous, Stoick felt a twinge of curiosity, no matter how frustrated Hiccup was he never sent Toothless home.

'We better check on him Gobber, just in case, Toothless! Stay here!' Stoick commanded the black dragon. Of course, being a Night Fury, and the effects of rubbing off on a stubborn as hel teenage boy that happened to be the son of the chief, the black dragon tried following them out the door. 'Oh for Thors sake, Toothless, breakfast!' Stoick says as he points to a basket, the smell of fish is intoxicating to the dragon, and rushes to gobble it up.

'Won't hold him for long and ye' know that, stubborn as you y'e know that?' Gobber chuckles with a wink. Stoick smiles at this comment as they walk out the door.

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><p>Birds chirped in the sky with more gusto as the sky was now tinted with a faded light pink, the edge of the horizon glowed

slightly, as if welcoming the suns presence about to unfurl. The village was deathly quiet, two large vikings walked through the deserted pathways that led to different houses, it was eerie at this time, it never scared Stoick but it always felt so, strange. Near the cliffs beside some houses the forge stood out as pink smoldering ashes rose slowly from a furnace, obviously lit just a few hours ago, certainly not by Gobber.<p>

'What is the lad doin' in there? Was he up all night?' the handicapped man asked the chieftain who could only shrug as an answer. 'I've got to talk to him Gobber...After. I ground him.' Stoick grumbled.

'I wonder if he's awake.' Gobber pondered. This was answered by a soft crash and a noise that sounded definitely Hiccup. Gobber and Stoick were taken aback in surprise, when their pulses slowed they continued forward slowly, as to not startle Hiccup or any waking villagers. Another noise followed by...A moan? What was going on in there? Stoick pushed passed Gobber into the building, taking extreme extra precaution not to topple over everything like he usually did, he crossed the main part of the forge with silent ease, he could be stealthy when he tried. He heard a grunt coming from inside Hiccups private room, '_What in Thors name is he doing?_' he thought. When Gobber caught up to him he slowly pulled back the curtains.

Nothing could have prepared him for what came next.

If someone had come up to Stoick and said Hiccup was a kinky little pervert, Stoick would have laughed the house down before punching their face in, but here he was, Hiccup, his son, tied himself up in leather, completely naked, with something penetrating him from behind, something VERY large penetrating him from behind, his moans were stifled by a large cottonball in him mouth, his body, among other areas were covered with thick brown leather straps, tying him up from behind and against a wall, his face was of absolute bliss as he rose his body up and down against the object, it almost looked like...Was he doing? Stoick couldn't refrain himself from looking down, Hiccups arousal stood out like a green nightfury. Yep...Definitely doing THAT. To be honest, Stoick was stunned for a moment that his son would recreate this...Situation so vividly, it made him think what was going through that mind of his, whatever did he certainly was NOT as innocent as he thought, and anyone had thought.

Every time Hiccup pushed down he stifled a cry of pleasure, repeating the process several times, Gobber, shocked into stunned silence simply surveyed the room, there were plenty of 'messes' about, a lot of positions he must have tried. Gobber looks up to see a white stain on the ceiling. 'What the fu- okay, a**_lot_** of positions. '_Well, at least he's not as small as everyone thinks he is?_'

The two vikings are snapped out of their stunned paralysis as Hiccup lets out a stifled cry and came, his body suddenly stiffening and jerking as white splashes over his face, he gasped as he recovers from his high, beads of sweat trickling down his forehead. He closes his eyes and smiles to himself as he slowly regains his breath, he begins to untie the knots that hold him down, but halfway through his is interrupted by a loud crack, his head shoots up in alarm as the one person he dreads to see reveals himself in front of him.

'D-Dad?'

Realization and pure horror hits him like a tidal wave. 'DAD I-IUHGHOOF' Hiccup yells as he tries to get up, his half untied straps tripping him over. He tries his best to hide everything that just happened, but eventually gives up, knowing his father has seen everything and focuses on covering himself and his face, where a few white stain marks still dripped off his face.

Hiccup untangles himself quickly from the rest of the ropes but keeps his kneeling position, his face is red with pure horror and exhaustion after his recent antics. He sits there for what seems like hours before Stoick tries to open his mouth to say something, but ends up closing and opening it like some kind of fish.

'W...Wh-What are you doing son?' Stoick asks, he's too stunned to be angry right now, he's not even sure what he's asking.

Hiccup only looks down, shrugs his shoulders and mumbles a bit.

'WHAT WERE YOU DOING SON?' Stoick bellowed, this time shocked anger taking over him.

Hiccups breath hitches as he hears his fathers tone, he only ever heard that tone once before, he looks down even more if possible and chokes out; 'Wh-what does it look like?'

Stoick is caught by that question, he doesn't know what to reply to that, but still he tries to keep him calm and he continues.

'Whats. That?' Stoick seethes, pointing to the object Hiccup was using, and then to a surprising amount more hidden in one of his drawers that was open.

'Um, that's um, a-a thing I use to, youknow.' Hiccup makes eye contact with his father for a split second before looking back down again.

'I think we all know what you were just doin' lad.' Gobber emerges from behind the curtains. Hiccups mouth drops open before his blush turns even deeper than before.

'So THAT'S why ye' been spendin' so much time up here recently!'' Gobber chuckles, but not even his attempted light-heartedness can bring up his own moon.

Stoick is fuming at this point, but his attention is drawn to the shape of the object, it looks like some kind of metal, only soft, it's shaped awfully like a dragons... 'Wait, is that a...?' Stoick doesn't finish.

'Home...Now.' he hisses.

* * *

><p>To be continued huehuehue.<p>

-Rolls around- It's 5AM yee, if you were searching for this

particular fanfic after a certain Skype conversation you are a dirty
lit'tle bastard...I know who you areeeee. 3

2. Chapter 2

Okay! First thing's first.

This account is mostly for laughs and second hand embarrassment,
trust me you love it m8. With plenty of pervy and ridiculous concepts
coming up soon!

Yes I WILL be continuing this story.

No this account is NOT dead. It is run by two perv- ahem,
'people'

If you enjoy this story, see any mistakes at all or would like to
critique, lay it on me bby, right there, on my stomach
k?

-Sickle

End
file.